

A Toast To Motherhood

I remember the day of my birth.
 Roses were pouring out irresistible scents,
 Teasing unsuspecting butterflies.
 The sun was at its devastating best
 With pride unparalleled under this universe.
 The waves gave a rousing welcome
 To the new born baby.
 The medicine men, who believed
 Themselves to be quite exempt
 From all intellectual influences,
 Kept parading in the white walled theatres
 With spotlessly white outfits.
 A look into my mother's face from the baby's cot
 Suggested to me her relief after all these months
 Of carrying the load
 Having coped with early morning sicknesses,
 Accommodated reduced reflexes,
 She sat in a pensive mood reflecting on
 The times she had to jerk at my innocent kicks.
 Kicks that sent fears of possible miscarriage
 Throughout those trying moments.
 She recalled the agony and pain in the delivery process.
 The screams that never moved the callous attendants
 Into sympathizing with her dilemma.
 But rather kept pressuring her
 To push harder and harder.
 It was to her a time of life or death.
 But thanks to the invisible force,
 She survived the ordeal.
 With vows of not wanting
 To go through that pain again.
 I let out a shrill from my cot
 In appreciation of her
 My cries on my first day in this world seemed to say
 "Dear Mum,
 I love you, I adore you, I respect your efforts
 To give me a life of my own".

george ato eguakun

To A Friend (3)

This sex thing! Christ! What is it all about?
 Aroused, we'd melt the bed, orgasm's would,
 Blank out the world, in ecstasy we'd shout.
 But fantasy this is; I wish we could.

I dream of thee (well, maybe not quite 'dream').
 But for this sin confession's not enough.
 This lonely lust is vain, my self-esteem,
 Is shot; the price these fancy's take is rough.

I'm paralyzed, you see, caught in a bind,
 'Twixt phantasm and flesh; the trap is tight.
 You're live and real, but haunting in my mind,
 Another you is there, mixed in my sight.

But these imaginings can be erased.
 One Kiss, my love, and beauty's truth's embraced.

F. Brown
 (With a tip of the
 old baseball cap to John Keats)

A Spell Spoken, Not Broken

Your name, an incantation
 Conjures up elation
 Sweet, iambic sound
 which, voiced, brings love abound.

I hold you with my eyes.
 yours, in turn, embrace
 the sheep that I've become
 from gazing at your face.

Gas-blue grates effuse
 warmth from a flame in you
 that fires white my cauldron-heart
 as conjured passions spew

Study well my spells,
 sublime poetic feats
 and when their Majic swells
 be airborne 'fore winged passion fleets.

Sherry A. Morin

She sits silent in the wooden seat across from mine.
 My heart and pulse race fast as if fleeing someone named Gunter.
 I try to calm myself down but being so close to her
 Only proves that my palms do sweat much more than any part of me.
 Should I lean in and ask the name of this naked lady,
 For to undress her and not know what name to call out,
 That would be unforgiving.
 My pencil somehow defies gravity and rolls up and off my desk.
 Oh what things a boy must do to see the legs of a goddess.
 Sitting back now I check to see if I have been caught in the act.
 A slow methodical look turns to fright as I notice Gredda Squalor.
 Sitting back facing the chalk board I realize I again have lost.
 The game is over for today but it will continue again next Friday
 When I again will try to get the nerve to ask the fair maiden:
 Will you go to the movie with me?

'C'

